This Is All I Ever Wanted: It's Beautiful

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This Is All I Ever Wanted: It's Beautiful

by Ooft

Summary

Hannibal may be able to restrain himself around others, but Will unleashes something truly wicked within him, an animal that cannot be tamed.

Hannibal's not sure he wants it to be tamed, anyway.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

When Hannibal wakes, the bed beside him is empty. He closes his eyes again and takes a deep breath, releasing it as a heavy sigh, his whole body relaxing and muscles loosening.

Swinging his legs over the side of the bed, he sits and debates his next course of action, the warm air around him curling and stirring against his skin. Outside, it will be humid and hot, but the house is always at a reasonable temperature.

A curious nose peeks out from under the bed, announcing itself with a snuffle. Absently, Hannibal reaches down and rubs the dog's snout, though stops when it begins to lick his fingers.

Will is somewhere that isn't in bed, Hannibal knows, but where he is and why he's there is a mystery. A multitude of ideas come to Hannibal: nightmares, sleeplessness, general anxiety - anything that Will has reported suffering from in the past comes to mind, though the list isn't particularly reassuring, only offering imagery of Will's anguish.

Sighing, Hannibal stands and stretches, not bothering to grab a shirt as he drifts from the bedroom and through the house, checking every corner for Will. Each room is empty, save for the dogs and cats sleeping in odd spots, so Hannibal goes outside.

There is only one thing more beautiful than blood in the moonlight.

Will stands in the middle of the field of grass that lies before their home, head tilted back and gazing at the sky above, which is sprinkled with stars and constellations that he doesn't care for the names of, despite Hannibal offering to teach him. His skin glows silver in the luminance of the moon and stars, his hair a shining black. His god-like grace silences all else in the world, sucking the heat and humidity from the air, the dim croaking of cicadas, the taste of the salt sea breeze, the smell of vegetation, the sight of the otherwise wonderous surroundings; all seems to cease in his presence.

Hannibal isn't sure how much time he stands by the front door watching Will, but it is awfully jarring and disconcerting when he snaps out of his trance. Silent, drifting through the grass like a ghost, he walks toward the only thing that looks more beautiful than blood in the moonlight, the only thing that can make his dead heart beat and can smash through the walls of his mind palace with the force of sheer determination alone.

All of his attention is captured by Will with ease and Hannibal only hopes that Will doesn't realise the sheer amount of power he has; if he does, that means that Hannibal will have to kill him and eat him. Those are the rules. They've done well to protect him for so long and even though he has already broken them in order to have this strange, unearthly man by his side, he refuses to break them any further, no matter how hard Will pushes his boundaries each day.

Will stirs when Hannibal gets close to him, turning to face him with a strained smile. "I would ask if you were cold without me, but that'd be a stupid question." As Hannibal steps in beside him, Will rests his head against Hannibal's shoulder, sighing in a way that makes Hannibal wonder whether he is content or forlorn. He's become much easier to read in the

past few months, though there are some concepts Hannibal still can't grasp, like when Will is being emotional. It's a rare occurrence, but one he undergoes, distancing himself from Hannibal and closing in on his mind while he goes out fishing or looking for more stray animals to bring home.

"You could ask if I were cold in a philosophical sense, and then my answer would be yes. I am always aware of your absence," Hannibal says, "and even more so of your presence."

"I think I make myself difficult to forget," Will says. Hannibal can hear the dryness of his tone, the sarcasm in it, but also the note of truth it rings with.

"I couldn't forget you if I tried." There is no smile on his face as he says it, nothing to suggest the statement is a joke or an effort to make Will feel better - it is simply a fact, one that he wants Will to understand. "You are a part of me, as I am, you."

The grin on Will's face is the same as the one he wore that day at the Uffizi Gallery, sitting before the *Primavera* after the most truthful words known to man fell from Hannibal's lips: *'If I saw you every day forever, Will, I would remember this time'*.

"What woke you?" Hannibal asks.

"Everything," Will says, "the nightmares, insomnia, sweating - all of it."

"What did you see in your nightmares?" Hannibal asks. The images that Will has described in the past have been utterly fascinating, unlike anything Hannibal has heard before. While dreams are meaningless, Hannibal is still intrigued by their chaos, curious as to how and what they reveal of the human conscious. Will's dreams are especially intriguing to him, as they seem to speak to something even deeper.

Will thinks. "The Stag Man-"

"Wendigo," Hannibal suggests.

"The Wendigo," Will says, "and the stag. There was Abigail, Beverly, Abel Gideon, Francis Dolarhyde. All of them and so much blood. So much blood, black in the moonlight. Just like you said it'd be."

"How did you feel?"

"I don't know."

"You used to feel guilty. Did you feel guilty tonight?"

"I felt nothing. I looked at them and it was like a void opened beneath my feet, like there was nothing *to* be felt."

"Perhaps there wasn't."

"Maybe not for you."

It comes out with a hint of acidity and Hannibal wonders whether it's intentional. Will is correct in his insinuation that Hannibal doesn't have feelings for his murders, but he thinks that perhaps Will believes him to be senseless.

“The people you kill are pigs - that’s how you see them. The people I’ve killed… some of them, I feel righteous and some of them, I feel guilty. When I *think* about them, I feel righteous or guilty. But when I dream about them, I feel nothing. Like I didn’t even know them.” Will sighs heavily and rubs his eyes. “It’s fine. I have to live with what I’ve done.”

“Perhaps you should speak to me, the next time you have such a dream. I wouldn’t mind you waking me,” Hannibal says.

“So you can analyse me?” Will asks.

“So I can help you,” Hannibal corrects.

Will smiles to himself as he looks up at the stars. “Those are one in the same, with you.”

“Well, one must analyse a situation before he is able to act on it.” Hannibal says.

Will doesn’t respond to that. They stand together in the moonlight, growing closer as time continues to pass, Will wrapping his arm around Hannibal’s waist and allowing Hannibal to put an arm around his shoulders. His skin is wet to touch, his sweat mixing with the humid air around them in a dizzying, pungent way, withholding the earthy, tropical scents of the land.

Without a word, Will pulls away, taking Hannibal’s hand and leading him back into the house, through to the bedroom. A pang of loss hits Hannibal as Will drifts out of the luminance of the moon and takes instead to the cloyed darkness of the home, the shadows pressing in around him as if attempting to hide his beauty, to choke and smother it before he can suck the life from the air the same way he does when in the light.

Once they’ve reached the bedroom, Will lets go of Hannibal’s hand, ignoring the bed and sitting in the armchair that’s tucked away in the corner of the room, standing by the window. The moonlight doesn’t drift through the window, obscured by the wooden home, but the starlight shines in and casts flickering beams across Will’s features and body, glinting in his blue eyes and changing them to a haunting silver. His slouching posture suggests normalcy, yet Hannibal only sees regality, as though Will is a king who tires of his throne, the crown on his brow a weight that has become too heavy to bear.

Hannibal watches Will and Will watches Hannibal. The illusion of a perfect mirror. Will cannot truly reflect another because he has never allowed himself the pleasure, though Hannibal knows he has come close - so very close - to having Will reflect him in perfect clarity. It’s an exhilarating thought, that he can be understood, but Hannibal reigns in his excitement and controls it, for favour of using his energy to pursue Will in this endless game of cat-and-mouse that Hannibal has spent so many years cultivating.

Hannibal walks to Will, sitting on the floor between his feet. He leans back, letting his head come to rest on Will’s stomach, tilting back to gaze up at Will, who stares back, curiosity

glinting in the recesses of his irises. A carnal stare, Hannibal notes, unable to keep the ghost of a smile from touching his lips at the thought. Recognition flickers in Will's eyes and his calloused fingers come to rest in Hannibal's hair, gripping and teasing it in an intimate, possessive and closed kind of way, a poor attempt at smothering his clear desires, or perhaps an arousing, accidental demonstration of them. Hannibal lets his head be tugged by Will, limp in his shaking hand. Even after all this time, Will lets Hannibal manipulate him like this, enjoys it and gives into the illusion of submission and guidance that Hannibal provides him.

It's an illusion Hannibal is more than willing to provide.

Will shuffles in discomfort, his grip on Hannibal's hair growing lax for a moment with hesitation. His eyes shift in a nervous manner, swinging from side-to-side as if he is at a crossroad, trying to decide between the two choices before him. Before he can come to a conclusion of his own, Hannibal lifts his head from Will's stomach and turns himself around, kneeling between Will's legs and staring up at him with his head cocked to the side. A question, he poses with his eyes and Will answers in kind when his pupils dilate and his body begins to tremble in anticipation.

Hannibal reaches up and grabs the waistband of Will's shorts, slowly pulling them down. They drift across Will's legs easily and Hannibal takes them all the way off, disentangling them from Will's feet. As he folds them, he takes a deep breath, allowing himself time to digest the situation before he delves too far in. Will's baited breathing (or lack thereof) screams to Hannibal, making him long to reach up and grab that pretty neck between his fingers and crush it until Will's eyes turn to shards of broken glass, until his face turns red and the blood drains back out into the hold of death. Another deep breath and Hannibal regains control of himself.

He places the folded shorts on the floor beside the armchair and turns back to Will, meeting the blue eyes that continue to be eaten away by blackened pupils, a void of lust and desperation. It's all he can do to tear his gaze away, to force himself to stop watching the decay of Will's resolve and instead allow his stare to wander the planes of skin that are stretched over Will's beautiful, shaking, breakable body.

With his hands on Will's thighs, Hannibal beholds the centre of his manhood in awe. Despite its tasteless use in modern society, Hannibal cannot help but think of Will as having a *cock,* with connotations of such great power it forces all to yield before it and Will, if nothing else, is completely and entirely powerful. It's a power Hannibal wants to worship, but can't; if he submits, there will never be any reason for Will to reveal the source of his being, to expose the very thing that gives him his power and allows him to exercise it. To know and understand Will Graham is all Hannibal has ever wanted. It's all he *will* ever want.

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A rush of air is released from Will's lips and the noise startles Hannibal. Due to the distraction, his hands automatically loosen and Hannibal, at a quick glance, realises that his fingers have left heavy marks on Will's skin, ones that would be bright red if not for the

silver starlight turning them purple instead. Will’s chest heaves as he sucks in breath after breath, his body trying to remember how to do so after such a long period of inaction. He rips his shirt off and tosses it across the room as though that might make it easier to breathe, then leans back into the armchair and falls limp, body occasionally tremoring.

Weeks ago, Will would have teased Hannibal for staring at him for this much time, however now he knows better, waiting patiently for Hannibal to appreciate the art that lies before him - not that Will knows he is art - and Hannibal is grateful for his silence. Hannibal rises higher on his knees, propping his forearms along the length of Will's thighs and leaning forward.

He presses his lips to Will's stomach, to the line of hair below his navel and kisses it, before nudging his nose into it, pushing his face into the skin and fat and muscle beneath, revelling in the way it gives and allows him to slip through, as if his very essence is absorbed by Will's compliant body. It feels paternal, the sensation of nuzzling Will's stomach, though Hannibal likens the child inside a woman's womb to a great and terrible beast lurking in Will's belly, howling while it burns in a fire everlasting. The thought makes him want to tear Will open and take out each organ until he finds the beast, so that he may tame it and keep it for himself, though the idea of losing the beautiful man that houses the creature is something Hannibal cannot bear to contemplate.

Hannibal kisses Will's stomach again, rubbing over Will's thighs where he had gripped them tightly before, knowing that Will understands the apology.

Musk and earth are the scents that drift away from Will to Hannibal and he breathes them in, holding and savouring the smell for as long as he is able to. The sensation of it spreading through him is intoxicating, making his head feel dizzy and his heart beat erratically. Many scents are committed to memory, but this one manages to earn itself a place in almost every room of his mind palace, unabashed at its own sexual connotations and unafraid to flaunt them.

Hannibal leaves one last kiss on Will's stomach and dips his head, taking Will's cock between his lips.

Salt and earth are the most prominent tastes to flow through him, making him desperate for more. The urge to lash out with his nails comes to mind as his throat closes before he can take the entirety of Will in it, but he fights the impulse and takes a deep breath through his nose, letting the intoxicating scent of Will rush through him and wash over his senses, rendering them fresh and ready for more. As he draws his head up, Will breathes in, quick and sharp, hands gripping Hannibal's forearms.

He bobs his head down again, still unable to take Will fully into his throat. Calloused thumb-tips rub his skin roughly, kneading and massaging the muscles beneath. Hannibal forces back a moan at the feeling, his spine tingling in a pleasant way as thoughts of intimacy run through the rooms of his mind palace, recalling every time Will has caressed him and held him with a disjointed clarity that makes him woozy.

Finally, Hannibal is able to take Will's cock fully in his mouth and throat, letting it fill and overwhelm him as the neurons in his body jump, singing of their joys at all the sensations that seek to stimulate them. The taste has only grown stronger, travelling down Hannibal's

throat, through his chest and into his belly, where it sparks a flame that spreads like wildfire through his blood.

Will is the only thing to exist in his world now. All other sounds cease to exist when Will lets the first, soft, warbling moan fall from his lips, his thumbs digging into Hannibal's arms, needy and pleading for more. All other feelings cease to exist as Hannibal fills his entire mouth and throat with Will, ignoring the pain in his jaw and neck, the way his body protests at such a punishing stretch. All other sights cease to exist as Hannibal closes his eyes, able to picture Will's beautiful face, scrunched up and yet loose with ecstasy. All other smells cease to exist outside of the earthy aroma that surrounds Will, the slight linger of stale sweat serving as an undertone that drives Hannibal to his edges, but stops him before he can go any further. All other tastes cease to exist besides Will. Will, Will and only Will, the taste of whom Hannibal will never be able to truly describe.

Salt is the most prominent taste in Hannibal's mouth, however there are peaty undertones, like a fine whiskey aged in an old casket. As he draws his head up, a sweet after-taste is left, teasing and foreshadowing the way Hannibal's mouth will be after Will ejaculates, but Hannibal reminds himself that everything will come in due time. Having Will this vulnerable and desperate doesn't occur as often as Hannibal would like it to, so he withholds any part of himself that wishes to tear Will apart and brings forth a softer front, one that can appreciate Will as if he is a fine wine or a gorgeous landscape.

There are times where Hannibal wishes humans didn't always experience carnal sexual desires. Some nights he simply wishes that Will would lie on the bed, still and limp as Hannibal tastes him, mapping his skin with a skilful, refined tongue for hours without a cease in attention. Unfortunately, such an act will most certainly arouse Will and if not him, the sense of control will definitely arouse Hannibal. Perhaps one day he will suggest it and they will agree to do it, but for now he focuses on the push and strain of Will's cock in his throat, letting his eyes roll back into his head at the sound of Will moaning in a loud, obscene fashion, singing out a note before lilting and falling into a gasp.

Hannibal hums in appreciation of the melody Will's moans create, prompting Will to moan again. Blind, reaching fingers come to rest in Hannibal's hair, curling strands between them and weaving through, brushing them back from Hannibal's face and exposing him. With anyone else, the exposure would leave him feeling threatened, but with Will it’s exalting, making his heart leap and his blood pump, the nerves of his body pulsing erratically. In those moments of mutual understanding, he wants nothing more than to please Will, to hear his own name sung without ever being uttered, to drown and consume and smother and choke and rip away everything else in the world until all that exists is the two of them, standing in the moonlight and bathed in the blackest of blood.

'It's beautiful', are the words Hannibal hears with each moan. *'This is all I ever wanted-' 'it's beautiful',* the blood in the moonlight, *'it's beautiful'* and what we make with it *'is all I've ever wanted, for both us' 'for you, Will'.*

'This is all I ever wanted for you, Will. For both of us.' Hannibal is shoved over the edge of the cliff and he comes, a heavy, ragged groan coursing through his body and vibrating through his throat, tongue and lips.

'It's beautiful.' Will comes as well, a high whine falling from his lips as his body shudders beneath Hannibal's arms, a violent shiver that seems as though it could shake the very earth, could destroy the world and leave nothing in its wake, could and can and *has* ruined Hannibal.

Hannibal savours the taste as long as he can, letting it sit and mellow on his tongue as he contemplates the sweetness and loses himself in it, searching for those bitter bites of defeat that lurk beneath, the admission of Will's submission to him. It's the most glorious, exquisite, perfect, gorgeous profound thing he's ever tasted and it makes him wonder if Will's organs are the same, if they too would fall tender under his fingers, eager and yet shy of being consumed, fearful to meet the gaze of God with the same ease that Hannibal does.

To start up another round and bring Will to his second orgasm is what Hannibal wants more than anything else, but his eyes bite with soreness and the lids are heavy. Will's fingers latch into Hannibal's hair and another hand comes to cup his chin, easing him off and back. Hannibal allows himself to be pulled away, falling to rest on his ankles as Will stands up from the armchair and rises above him, offering a hand that screams of *salvation.* He takes it.

Will lifts him up and drags him in close, pressing their skin together in any way he can, overwhelming and washing through Hannibal. His grip on Hannibal is just as tight as when Hannibal gutted him, just as desperate as when Will pushed them off the cliff and Hannibal feels his head spin as all the memories rush back to him. Warmth floods all his senses, prompting an emotion that he hadn't experienced in years before he met Will: love. He loves Will Graham, more than the world will ever know, wants him to be near at all times and never wants to let him go, never wants to be forced to kill him, to *murder* him, because Will is not an animal, he is a beast, a god, a being well beyond Hannibal's understanding and to kill him would be a crime.

Hannibal wouldn't have it any other way. This is all he's ever wanted. For Will. For both of them.

And it's beautiful.

End Notes

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